

SEE THE NEXT "SUNDAY PICTORIAL" FOR WONDERFUL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,575.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

POLISH WOMEN WHO LIVE AT THE FRONT IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE:
HOW THEY ARE SACRIFICING ^{9 11909} THEMSELVES FOR THE SOLDIERS.



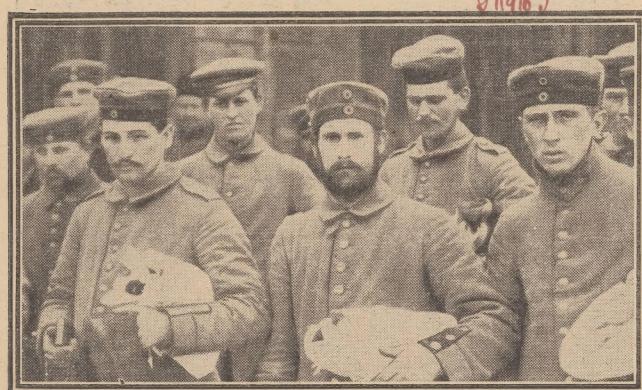
Attending to the soldiers relieved from the trenches. Hot meals are always ready for them.—(Daily Mirror photograph.) ^{9 11909}



Dressing a wound.—(Daily Mirror photograph.) ^{9 11909}



In their "wagon lit."—(Daily Mirror photograph.) ^{9 11909}



German prisoners with their bundles.—(Daily Mirror photograph.) ^{9 11909}



Taking prisoners' names and addresses.—(Daily Mirror photograph.) ^{9 11909}

The women of Poland are making every sacrifice during the war, and many of them are living at the front generally in railway carriages. One lady has turned her beautiful residence into a hospital for wounded officers, while she and her family live in

two small rooms at the top of the house. Prisoners are visited by a woman who takes their names and addresses and writes to their families.—(Photographs from a Daily Mirror special photographic correspondent with the Russian Army.)

LINGERIE

For LADIES' and CHILDREN'S wear.
Large assortment at keenest prices.

DM 12—Lace Cami-
soles. Perfect fit-
ting. Ideal for
those with transparent
blouses. Special Price 1/6
Outsize 6d. extra.



DM 7—Value in Cami-

soles. Horrockses'.
Longsleeved (Illustration).
Money returned if you
are not satisfied
Price Each 1/3



The Shopping Centre of North London.

Jones Brothers

HOLLOWAY ROAD · LONDON · N.

A WEEK OF EXTRAORDINARY VALUES

ON this page we show an array of values unmatched in the whole of London. All drapery will be sent carriage paid anywhere in the United Kingdom, and ladies unable to call should take advantage of our unique postal service. All orders by post are treated with special care. Usually all goods are dispatched same day as ordered, but should a slight delay occur—as is possible at this season—our customers' kind indulgence is asked.

Money is refunded if purchases are not quite satisfactory. Call—or write—TO DAY!

All Drapery
Purchases are
Carriage Paid in
the United
Kingdom.

BLOUSES.
Latest Styles
and Utmost Value.

THE LATEST
STYLES AND
with Guard's
Collar. In
New Sage and
Black. Price
(each) 1/3



The new
MILITARY
COLLAR IN
MUSLIN
COTTON
TARTAN;
also
in
BROWN
AND
WHITE
SAGE
AND
BLACK.
Price
Each 6d.

MARVELLOUS VALUE!
VALUABLE BLOUSE,
each with high military collar and vest
of White Organdi Muslin. Colors
White and Hello, White and Navy, White
and Sage, White and Black, White and
Brown, White and Grey; or
White and Sky Stripes.
Special value, Post free
2/6

MARVELOUS BLOUSE VALUE.
VALUABLE BLOUSE,
each with high cross
collar, with high military collar and vest
of White Organdi Muslin, inset with
Saxe, White and Black, White and
Brown, White and Grey; or
White and Sky Stripes.
Special value, Post free
2/6

MEDIUM
Wool
Belt
each
Hose
Per Pair 1/4
3 pairs for 3s.

WEAR
RESISTING
CASHMERE
14½
PER
PAIR

WEAR
RESISTING
SOLE

WEAR
RESISTING
SOLE

Medium
weight
All Wool
Belt
each
Hose
Per Pair 1/4
3 pairs for 3s.

HOODS OR SOUVENIR HATS
2/-
EACH

SOUVENIR HATS
2/-
EACH

SOUVENIR HATS
2/-
EACH

Wool
Body
Belt.

At this deceptive season,
when the great coat is
faded and worn,
the bright
Wool Body Belt
is the
Soldier's best Safeguard
against the cold.
Regulation pattern, 260
dozen clearing
1/2

Practical
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Orders taken in rotation.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown
Box 6d. extra.
7/11

Also 150 dozen in extra
height, 16s.
Per doz. 16s.

16s
per doz.

16s
per doz.

Practical
and becoming
Silk Hat
each
Brown

THE STATION MURDER INQUEST: 'BUS CONDUCTOR'S STORY.



E. N. Reedman on his omnibus.



Mr. Nally identifies his daughter's clothes. The child is in the circle.



The child's mother and father.



Maggie Nally's playmate.

Great interest was evinced in the inquest on Maggie Nally, the seven-year-old Paddington child who was found murdered in the ladies' waiting-room at Aldersgate Street Station. Her little playmate, Alice Scott, who is an important witness, was

carried into the court by her father, but the coroner was unable to get her to tell her story. E. N. Reedman says a hatless child answering to the deceased's description travelled on his omnibus with a soldier.

PLATEFUL OF "POM" AT A DOG SHOW.

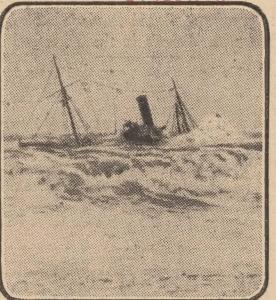


The Hon. W. B. Wrottesley, now a private, was a judge.

9.691 M

9.814 B

WRECK OF THE SPIDER.



H.M.S. Spider was a special service vessel, and ran aground off Lowestoft during a gale.

WOMEN AS SIGNALLERS.



Night signalling. Many women are learning the art, and practice two or three nights a week.



"Pom" sits on a plate.



The bulldog couldn't do it.

There were all sorts of dogs at the People's Palace yesterday, but everybody admired the bulldogs. Thanks to the war, they are coming into their own again and ousting the "foreigner" from popularity.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

FASCINATION OF "DEAD BRIDES CASE."

T. 162 H

P. 3073 B



Famous people who were present at the hearing of the "dead brides case" yesterday. They are Sir Arthur Pinero (small picture) and Lord Ribblesdale (with hand raised). He is with his wife, Mrs. Wyndham, and Mr. H. B. Irving.

MOTHER'S GRIEF AT MURDER INQUEST.

Storm of Tears and Cries of "It's Terrible."

THE GAG IDENTIFIED.

Very pathetic scenes occurred when Dr. Waldo, the City coroner, opened the inquest yesterday on little Maggie Nally, the pretty seven-year-old child, who was found gagged and suffocated in a waiting-room at Aldersgate-street Underground Station on Sunday night. Detectives are still trying to elucidate the mystery of the child's fate.

The coroner, who briefly reviewed the facts relating to the tragedy, said: "It appears on the face of it to have been an atrocious and cruel murder."

Maggie's mother was evidently heartbroken when she gave evidence. She sobbed for minutes together, and at one point burst into a sobs of great emotion: "It's terrible, terrible!"

Little Maggie's playmate, Alice, who last saw her alive, went into the witness-box, and at the coroner's suggestion was questioned by her mother. A pretty little fair-haired child of four, she hid her face shyly against her mother, and all attempts to get her to speak were fruitless.

The inquest was adjourned for a fortnight.

FEET TOWARDS THE DOOR.

John Henry Nally, Maggie's father, was the first witness. He described the search that his wife made for their little girl when she did not come home on Sunday night. When he last saw her she was wearing a hat.

The child's clothes were produced and identified by the father.

Various small articles of the child's apparel were held up for inspection, and pathetic interest attached to the little childish adornments—the bright-coloured sash, the ribbon for her hair, and so on.

Mrs. Nally could hardly restrain her grief as she held up her child and friends sitting near her tried unavailingly to comfort her.

Mrs. Christine Nally, dressed in deep black and with a tear stained, sorrowful face, then entered the witness-box. She said that after dinner on Sunday the girl wanted to go and see her grandfather and two uncles in Carlisle-street, as it had been her birthday on the previous day.

The mother almost broke down at this stage and sobbed for several moments.

While the mother was describing her search for her little girl and how she went to every police-station in the district, without any result, she was unable to control her emotion, and when questioned about the clothing she burst into a fit of weeping.

The piece of material which was found in the child's mouth was next produced. Mrs. Nally said that she gave it to Maggie on Sunday to use as a handkerchief.

HOW CHILD WAS FOUND.

Mrs. Betsy Scott, wife of a private now at the front, said that on Sunday afternoon at 4.20 she saw Maggie, who was related to her.

Maggie and another little girl, Alice, played the piano, but witness was feeling unwell and so she gave them £1.00 to get some sweets. This was about eight o'clock, and the two children then went for the sweets.

That was the last she saw of Maggie, for Alice told her that she had gone home.

Inspector Gowan, of the 1st Division Aldersgate, said he was informed that the woman attendant at the ladies' cloakroom left about 7 p.m.

The station was exceedingly quiet on Sunday and there were very few passengers. He was on the platform from eleven to twelve o'clock.

He described his examination of the women's cloakroom. He unlocked a door and had difficulty in opening it. He forced the door back, and as soon as he got inside he saw the little girl's hands.

Witness continued:—

"The child was lying on its back with its feet towards the door and its little arms outstretched, the back of the hands being on the floor. The right cheek was towards the floor. The mouth was open and the teeth showing, nothing discoloured in it. I formed the opinion at once that the child had been murdered—suffocated."

DOCTOR'S EVIDENCE.

Superintendent Ottawa elicited one or two further facts. On Sunday witness told him the passengers went down the same stairs as they came up, and the collector was right at the top.

The man would not have to pass the ticket collector to get to the cloakroom, and he could get back to the stairs without east or west without having to pass the collector.

Dr. James Kearney said he was called to the station at midnight and saw the child, on whom artificial respiration was being performed. The child was dead and the face and lips were livid.

Dr. B. H. Spilsbury, pathologist at St. Mary's Hospital, said he made a post mortem examination on April 6. He found evidence of two separate meals. There were two or three small pieces of what appeared to be the skins of carrots.

He concluded that the cause of death was asphyxia due to the introduction of a foreign body into the mouth followed by syncope due to the condition of status lymphaticus.

WAR DRINK PROBLEM.

Mr. Austin Harrison on Public-House Reform in "Sunday Pictorial."

SPLENDID FIFTH NUMBER.

Is it necessary to close public-houses in order to prevent the excessive consumption of alcohol in the industrial districts?

This is the question which is uppermost in people's minds all over the country.

When Parliament meets next week an attempt will be made to ascertain the attitude of the Government on the question.

It is the desire of Ministers and of the leaders of the Opposition to change entirely the King's five sample, and thus render unnecessary any restrictions of universal application.

But will these notable examples suffice to secure the end in view? Can the maximum supply of ammunition for our brave soldiers be got from our great factories by the mere exercise of moral pressure?

There are those who think the public-house itself is capable of improvement.

One of the most notable advocates of this reform is Mr. Austin Harrison, who has some striking figures to put on the subject in the coming number of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

This ideal Sunday paper is going to be more interesting than ever next Sunday, for the Editor has been fortunate enough to secure many brilliant writers on the most absorbing problems of the hour.

Mr. M. Peabody deals with the engrossing theme of marriages was time.

"The French Soldier's Sweetheart," an article which reveals the heart pangs of the typical young Frenchwoman over the mighty conflict on the Continent, is contributed by Mr. John N. Raphael, the well-known author.

Another incisive and entertaining article is from the pen of Mr. Bottomley.

A special description of the great fight for the world's heavy-weight championship between Jess Willard, the American, and Jack Johnson will be a notable feature of the sport pages.

In addition to all these attractions, there will be pages of social and theatrical gossip and the latest fashion news for women readers.

As usual, these features will be supplemented by pages of entrancing pictures.

If you want to secure a copy of this wonderful paper, order it to-day. Thousands of would-be readers were unable to secure a copy last Sunday.

DRAMA OF A CRY.

One Sweetheart Found Dead and the Other with Wounds in the Throat.

A double love tragedy occurred yesterday in North London. A young woman named Dora Carr was found dead, while her lover was found suffering from wounds in the throat.

Miss Carr was a dressmaker, aged twenty-three. She is described as a nice, quiet girl, and she and her lover had been with an aunt and grandmother at Arundel-Place, Barnsbury.

For the past three years, it is stated, she had been keeping company with Edgar Woodthorpe, who is aged twenty-eight years.

No reason can be attributed to the tragedy, as the couple had always appeared to be on the best of terms.

Shortly after 8 o'clock yesterday she was preparing to leave home for work, and had her hat and jacket on when a knock was heard at the door.

She immediately opened it and found Woodthorpe on the doorstep. He stepped into the passage, and soon afterwards a cry was heard, and Dora was found lying in the passage with her throat cut.

Woodthorpe was also found with wounds in his throat.

Assistance was immediately called, and a doctor found that Miss Carr was dead.

Woodthorpe was taken to hospital, and, although in a serious condition, will probably recover.

The King reviewed some 20,000 troops at Windsor Great Park yesterday, the march past occupying over an hour.

"The child was lying on its back with its feet towards the door and its little arms outstretched, the back of the hands being on the floor. The right cheek was towards the floor. The mouth was open and the teeth showing, nothing discoloured in it. I formed the opinion at once that the child had been murdered—suffocated."

DOCTOR'S EVIDENCE.

Superintendent Ottawa elicited one or two further facts. On Sunday witness told him the passengers went down the same stairs as they came up, and the collector was right at the top.

The man would not have to pass the ticket collector to get to the cloakroom, and he could get back to the stairs without east or west without having to pass the collector.

Dr. James Kearney said he was called to the station at midnight and saw the child, on whom artificial respiration was being performed. The child was dead and the face and lips were livid.

Dr. B. H. Spilsbury, pathologist at St. Mary's Hospital, said he made a post mortem examination on April 6. He found evidence of two separate meals. There were two or three small pieces of what appeared to be the skins of carrots.

He concluded that the cause of death was asphyxia due to the introduction of a foreign body into the mouth followed by syncope due to the condition of status lymphaticus.

PORTER IN SKIRTS.

Woman Who Shoulders Luggage at a London Railway Terminus.

WEARS A MAN'S CAP.

"Porter, sir?" asked a sturdy, business-like looking woman of a first-class passenger who alighted at Marylebone Station (Great Central Railway) yesterday afternoon.

The man looked at the woman in amazement as she shouldered a couple of heavy bags and carried them across to a waiting taxi-cab.

The woman porter was Mrs. Lloyd, who for some days past has been plying this arduous trade at Marylebone Station. With another woman she has been entering into competition with the men porters, and has been assisting luggage in and out of trains and assisting passengers generally.

Apart from the two women porters, the Great Central Railway have engaged a number of women carriage cleaners and sweepers, who occasionally act as porters. The reason this step has been taken is that some 4,000 Great Central railwaymen have joined the Army.

Yesterday *The Daily Mirror* found Mrs. Lloyd waiting outside one of the platforms at Marylebone Station with a group of male porters for the arrival of a train. When the train steamed in she took her place in line with the men, and briskly opened one of the carriage doors.

Wearing a stout apron over her dress and a man's cap, Mrs. Lloyd looked as strong as any of the men.

"I don't mind the work at all," she said. "My husband is a soldier, and I am doing this to help things along at home."

I work from eight in the morning until six at night, and my wages are £1s. a week, not including any tips I may get from passengers.

"Tips I have received range from 6d. to 1d. and I am not too proud to take the money."

WORLD'S TRIBUTE TO HERO

Birthday Messages from Everywhere to Brave King of the Belgians.

From all parts of the world King Albert of Belgium received congratulatory messages on the fortieth anniversary of his birthday yesterday.

King George sent his congratulations to the Belgian Legation by the hand of Sir Arthur Walsh, Master of the King's Ceremonies, and several members of the various corps diplomatic and consular called on the Legation.

Thousands of King Albert's subjects in Great Britain, France and Holland sent letters and telegrams to their gallant soldier King.

Medals, decorated with Belgian colours, were sold in London streets yesterday to commemorate the day, and they commanded a ready sale.

Two Belgian boy scouts, Roger Baerwets and Victor Spies, who have been working hard on behalf of their stricken countrymen at the Belgian Refugee offices, Aldwych, sent the following telegram, through *The Daily Mirror*, to King Albert:—

"Roger Baerwets and myself, Belgian boy scouts in London, send our loyal and affectionate regards to your Majesty on your fiftieth birthday, and wish you a long life and glorious victory—Victor Spies."

M. Paul Hymans, the Belgian Minister in London, expressing thanks for the sentiments of admiration and sympathy shown in Great Britain for King Albert, said yesterday that the hundreds of congratulatory messages prove that the generous British nation understands the greatness of the rôle and character of King Albert.

"The friendship of England in the present painful circumstances is for us a precious comfort," he added. "We are happy and grateful in being able to fête our King on the free and hospitable soil of Great Britain."

Lord Curzon was stated yesterday to have left England for Dunkirk to visit the King of the Belgians.

T. INSH.



Lady Jellicoe inspects the 2nd Portsmouth troop of girl guides, which bears her name. She also presented them with colours.

CHILD LOOKING DOWN ON DEAD MOTHER.

Pathetic Story at Inquest on Officer's Wife Found Shot.

SMOULDERING BLOUSE.

The mysterious tragedy at Islington which resulted in the death of Mrs. Annie Wootton, wife of Lieutenant Wootton, was further investigated by Mr. Schroder at the adjourned inquest yesterday.

Mrs. Wootton was found dead at Rotherfield-street, Islington, on March 3, and it was at first thought that she had fallen downstairs. Later a bullet wound was discovered, and a barmaid, named Marie Lanteri, otherwise Wheatley, was charged at the North London Police Court with murder. The accused woman did not attend the inquest yesterday.

It is a sad old story of finding Mrs. Wootton's two little daughters standing by their dead mother. One little girl was looking down at her mother.

The inquest was again adjourned.

NO REVOLVER SEEN.

James Jordan, a sorter at the General Post Office, Mount Pleasant, said that he was passing 104, Rotherfield-street when a woman ran out of the house.

He now knew her to be Mrs. Higson, and she said to him: "A woman has fallen downstairs." He ran into the house. A child was in the hall and another was on the stairs leading from the hall to the basement.

The child was standing near the body of the woman, who was lying head downwards on her left arm. The other arm rested across her breast.

The Coroner (Mr. Schroder): Was the girl holding her mother?—No, she was just looking down at her.

Witnesses said he noticed that the woman's blouse near the left breast was smouldering, and that there was a hole in the blouse.

Did you attempt to do anything to the smouldering blouse?—Yes, I put it out with my hand.

Did you see anyone else in the house?—No one else except the children.

Did you see a firearm or a weapon of any description?—No, I did not.

SAW NO ONE LEAVE HOUSE.

As you approached the house, did you see anyone leaving or going along hurriedly?—No.

Replying to Mr. J. L. Pratt, who represented the accused, witness said there was a bright red ring around the hole in the deceased's blouse, and he conjectured it was a shoulder-hole.

He did not search for a weapon, but he believed there had been one in the hall.

Mrs. Mary Jordan, wife of the last witness, said that she saw the body on the floor in the hall.

Replying to Mr. Pratt, witness said she knew Mrs. Wootton had a dog, and described it as a "long-limbed" dog. She said it bark a day or so before Mrs. Wootton's death.

The next witness was Mr. Jordan's stepson, who gave his name first as Jack Reddin.

The Coroner: Is that your full name?—No. Witness then gave his name as John Joseph Peter Paul James Reddin, giving each name with some effort of recollection.

This witness, who said he was called Jack at home, stated that he went for Dr. Madden, and waited five minutes at the house for the doctor.

SHIPOWNER'S DAUGHTER WEDS.

An interesting wedding took place at St. George's Hanover-square, yesterday, when Miss Charlotte Ismay, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Henry Ismay, of Birkenhead, was married to Lieutenant-Colonel Bryan Charles Fairfax, commanding the 17th Battalion, the King's Liverpool Regiment.

Mr. Bruce Ismay, the chairman of the White Star Line, gave away his sister, who wore a beautiful dress of soft ivory brocaded crépe de Chine, with a belt of silver tissue, and a long veil of old Brussels lace. There were no bridesmaids.

The reception was held at Claridge's Hotel, and among those present were the Marchioness Camden, the Earl of Brecknock, the Countess of Erroll, Lady Victoria de Trafford, Lord and Lady Henry Nevill, Baroness de Forest, Mrs. Bower Ismay, the Hon. Mrs. Fairfax, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Fairfax, Mr. and Mrs. James Ismay. The honeymoon is to be spent at Bilborough Manor, York, which has been lent by the Hon. Mrs. Fairfax.

ESCAPED GERMANS ON SNOWDON.

The pursuit of the escaped German officers was continued yesterday on the Denbighshire and Merionethshire hills.

The military and police were said to have a clue, and to be following the men into the mountain fastnesses of Snowdon.

Conscripts who are about to leave Nice made a demonstration yesterday, says Reuter, in the principal streets of the town and swore before the statue of Gambetta to hurl back the invader.

ORDER NO. 5 OF THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL" TO-DAY.

THE GREATEST SPRINGTIME GIFT

A Luxuriant Free-Growing Head of Hair.

ONE MILLION "YOUTH AND GOOD LOOKS" FREE GIFT-PARCELS NOW READY FOR POSTING

Will YOU accept one of these splendid "1915" "Harlene" Hair Drill Gifts for Hair Beauty and Abundance Free of all Cost?

A THOUSAND times a thousand springtime packages free of all charge—one of which is waiting for your address to double your "youth-and-good-looks" attraction by making your hair beautiful, free-growing and abundant.

Do you realise that the worry and uneasiness of the war, changed conditions, and the constant anxiety for good news must have affected your hair-growth?

Every little nervous excitement affects your hair-growth—and, although you may not know it, you suffer perhaps a score or more of such nervous disturbances in a single day.

But why look old? Why spoil your appearance and lose your

attractiveness because of these worries and the thousand and one other causes that make your hair weak, thin, straggling, lacking in colour or impoverished: that cause your hairs to fall out in dozens, to split at the ends, or to defy the most careful brushing and combing?

The magnificent Springtime gift direct to your home from the laboratories of the foremost living authority on hair-growth and hair-beautifying—Mr. Edwards, inventor of "Harlene" Hair Drill—awaits your acceptance. The special coupon on this page awaits a few strokes of your pen. The Post Office will do the rest, and almost at once you may commence, free of all cost, the delightful few-minutes-each-morning Hair Drill that will effect so great an improvement in your good looks.

"HARLENE" HAIR DRILL CONQUERS HAIR TROUBLES.

And once you have this splendid free gift in your hands you need never look back. Every day you can make your hair better, brighter, healthier, and more radiant with Beauty's lustre.

More wonderful than anything else is the fact that "Harlene" Hair Drill demands no long or difficult "treatment" whatever. All that is necessary is to spend two minutes in the remarkable and interesting "drilling" of your hair during the ordinary morning's toilet, and the result is a magni-

cent, resplendent hair-growth in the shortest possible time!

The full directions which Mr. Edwards sends with each of his splendid "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfits are simplicity itself. There is nothing whatever that is complicated or intricate, and a child could follow this remarkable scientific method of hair-growing as easily as an adult. You simply use as directed, and your "Harlene" supply will do the rest. Your hair grows in health, beauty and lustrous life.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE GIFT PARCEL

TO-DAY.

There is scarcely a single hair trouble that the wonderful action of "Harlene" Hair Drill does not speedily remedy, and the stimulating, cooling, refreshing tonic-action of "Harlene," as already explained, in all cases excites each separate air-shaft to fresh growth and strength. Thousands of men and women in every walk of life have conquered their hair troubles for ever by following just the same easy and delightful method that you are to-day invited to accept free of cost and at Mr. Edwards' expense.

- 1—Total or partial Baldness.
- 2—Thin, straggling or weak Hair.
- 3—Falling or splitting Hairs.
- 4—Over greasiness of the Scalp.
- 5—Over dryness of the Scalp.
- 6—Scurf or dandruff.
- 7—Loss of colour and lustre.
- 8—Ugly, wiry hair.
- 9—Hair thinning at the temples.

Whichever of these troubles your hair is suffering, you need not hesitate a single instant in

sending for the splendid Hair-growing gift offered free to readers this Springtime.

Perhaps your hair, however, is simply weak-looking or inclined to thinness, without there being any special trouble you

SCURF, FALLING HAIRS, ETC.
Scurf, with its kindred troubles, falling, "wasting" hairs, etc., is fortunately among the easiest to cure by the splendid "Harlene" Hair Drill method of growing hair, which every reader is invited to test free of all cost. The Coupon at the foot of this page secures you at once the most magnificent Hair-beautifying outfit ever given to the public.

can define. In this case it is suffering from a lack of nourishment, and the immediate remedy is provided by the "Harlene" Hair Drill and "Cremex" Shampoo method with a free-offer outfit now available. If your own hair is thinning; if your brush and comb each morning contain hairs that have loosened and fallen out, "Harlene" is the one sure remedy that will "recruit" your hair-growth to full beauty and abundance.

POST THE FORM BELOW

TO-DAY.

Simply write your name and address on the coupon below and post it with 3d.

POST THIS "SPRINGTIME GIFT" COUPON TO-DAY.

TO EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.

20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs.—Please forward me your free gift "Harlene" Outfit as described below:—

1. A free trial bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair.
2. A trial packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder.
3. A copy of the "Harlene" Hair Drill Book.

I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world (foreign stamps accepted).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

"Daily Mirror," 9-4-15.

stamps to cover cost of carriage, and you will at once receive the following splendid triple gift:—

(1) A free trial bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair—the wonderful hair-tonic stimulant and dressing that literally compels a magnificent growth of hair. The effect of "Harlene" on the hair seems to give the face a refined beauty and distinction that would be altogether impossible with weak or artificially made-up hair.

(2) A free book explaining exactly how to carry out the "Harlene" Hair Drill that has made Edwards' Harlene so famous the world over.

(3) A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder—the finest hair cleanser in the world.

Of course, once you have seen for yourself the splendid hair-growing properties of the "Harlene" method, you may at any time obtain further supplies from your chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle. "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. per box of 7 packets (single packets 2d.), or direct on remittance from Edwards' "Harlene" Co. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.



Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1915.

THE MILKY WAVE.

CERTAIN MILKY VISIONS have been imaged for us, since the beginning of the drink agitation, showing a world just as festive, and even inebriate in a harmless manner, on lemonades, syrups and vegetable "wines" as now it is, or is not, on the more potent liquors condemned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The over-taxed labourer asks for a certain support in his troubles and strain, and some of us have the faith to reply to him: "Why give up the idea of festivity because you give up alcohol? Come hither with us and we will toast you in a ginger wine that shall warm your veins even as the brandy and gin did. Here's to you in a potion of hot currant-whey. Have you never tried a pint of parsnip?" And we point out that this extraordinary creature, the British working man, simply has no conception of the intoxicating or at least the cheering and invigorating resources of old Earth. He knows nothing beyond beer and the rest. The qualities of the hidden herb are unknown to him.

It may be perfectly true. It may be true enough that the British working man—or indeed any man living in Great Britain—fails to realise that if you want cheering drink after a long day's work or idleness you need not go to alcohol for it. But in this matter we want candour, and one has to admit that the so-called "substitutes" for alcohol are in this country dismaly inadequate, unsatisfying. It is not the fault of the thirsty man. He might be willing enough for a change. There is nobody to give him the change he wants. There is no drink not delusive to his senses.

Coffee?

But once a man has set foot upon these islands he says good-bye to coffee. It may be something to do with the air or the water, or the very fact of our insular position, but we all know that to obtain a cup of good coffee here, at a small price, is impossible. We cannot make it. Something is wrong with it. It tastes in one restaurant of grass, in another of dust. In one private house 'tis so strong as to keep Rip van Winkle awake for eternity; in another it is scalding water dimly diluted with a colouring of brown.

Useless then is it to picture a jovial coffee-drunk in Great Britain.

And tea? The national temperance beverage?

In no country where you can get it at all is it made worse than it is here. The tea in country inns! The tea in private houses! What awful tea . . . We have drunk perfect tea mainly in France and in Paris.

Do not, then, humbug us with painting a party of tea-roasters in England.

Try instead to utilise some of the immense energy now being diverted into the channels of madness and destruction in tackling the inferior quality of these innocuous fluids, so that they may indeed replenish the forces of the mysterious working man. What our milky wave enthusiasts are too optimistically doing now is to present him with a muddy cup of so-called coffee, sprinkled with bits of hard substance that need chewing, and then to say in a sprightly voice: "Cheer up! This is better than beer, you know?" But alas, he knows perfectly well that it isn't.

W. F. T.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 8.—There are many beautiful anemones that bloom in the spring, and their starry flowers glistening in the sun, continue to produce lovely effects. Blanda green Crepea bellis, flowers in various shades of blue, while this Apennine anemone lays an azure carpet, over the moist soil.

The Pasque-flower (*pulsatilla*), with its deep purple blooms and decorative foliage, is a fine plant for the rockery, while the poppy anemones are glorious flowers for cutting during April and May. To-day, too, our native windflower opens in the wood, where its double and blue forms also peep up.

E. F. T.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

HOME AND BEERSHOP.

AN ABSTAINER from principle and choice, holding the opinion that intoxicants have done incalculable harm and caused much misery and tragedy, I have still a profound sympathy with the British workman in this question of drink and the war.

Drink he must, the nature of his work demands much fluid. He drank beer because it was cheap and easily procurable, and if brought up as he has been doubtless I should have drunk beer too.

We all crave relaxation. We all crave such company as gives us social ease. In the beershop the workman's manner is a degree pleasanter than in his own home. It is his club

less wicked than a flirtation. The stage and comic papers use the drunkard as one of their stock types. The man who does not drink is considered by his acquaintances as "a little touched." This is the peculiarity of even the most "moderate drinkers"—they consider it a personal insult for anyone not to drink.

X.

THE BABIES' HOLIDAY.

I WONDER how many of your correspondents who have been complaining about the decrease of the birth-rate walk abroad much in the Easter holiday time.

If they would do this they would never make such a complaint again. Easter Monday (for

"HIT AND HIT BACK."

Limits to the Doctrine of Meekness with Our Enemies.

THE SECOND TIME.

I WAS TOLD that Selwyn, the first Bishop of New Zealand, a famous athlete, once in going round his diocese was jeered at for his profession by a half-drunk bully, who ultimately struck him.

The Bishop went on with what he was doing, when the man hit him again, called him a coward, and said, "There! What would your Master say to that?" The reply came very quickly, "I don't care." Mr. Selwyn further told me that when I was hit to let my man do it again, but after that He gave me no further instructions."

Whereupon he took off his coat and gave the bully a thrashing which he and his friends were not likely to forget for a long time. A. F. Richmond, Surrey.

THE OMNISCIENT SCHOOLMASTER.

TALKING of schoolmasters—once upon a time, so the tale runs, a schoolmaster was travelling from New York out one of the big lines. Being a man of figures, each day he calculated the distance that the vessel was from its destination. At the end of the second day he came to the conclusion that they were going in the wrong direction, and informed the captain that he was a few hundred miles out of his course. As the days passed by the discrepancy grew to 1,000 miles, which caused the astonishment of the schoolmaster, the ship put in at New York.

Shortly afterwards he said to the captain—

"I wonder how I came to make that mistake?"

"Not being a schoolmaster, I can't say," answered the captain.

R. T.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

THE child that is naughty is punished, for he that spareth the rod smalleth the child. The criminal that is caught is punished, and his punishment is increased proportionately to the heinousness of the crime which he has committed. Such are elemental, well-known principles which in all ages of the world have been adopted by common consent as being absolutely necessary for national as well as individual existence.

Germany has been wicked—criminally wicked—and in spite of Dame Europa has naturally and necessarily to punish her in proportion to her enormities.

The matter seems extremely simple, and needs not the ethics of pacifists or anti-war men to halting, involved casuality of a headmaster of Eton or any other public school to add to or detract one iota from the inevitable.

Germany has with great determination premeditated to make her bed. She has got on it. Any attempt to palliate her deeds of predestined infamy or to divert the stream of just punishment which is bound to overwhelm her would be resented in this country.

If such efforts were even likely to be successful here I believe a revolution would take place, sweeping headmasters, pacifists and party politicians together into the dust of oblivion. No. The rod must be applied without any interposing softening media, or the child will arise more naughty than before. Dr. Lyttelton visited with extreme punishment—expulsion—a youthful offender for merely breaking bounds.

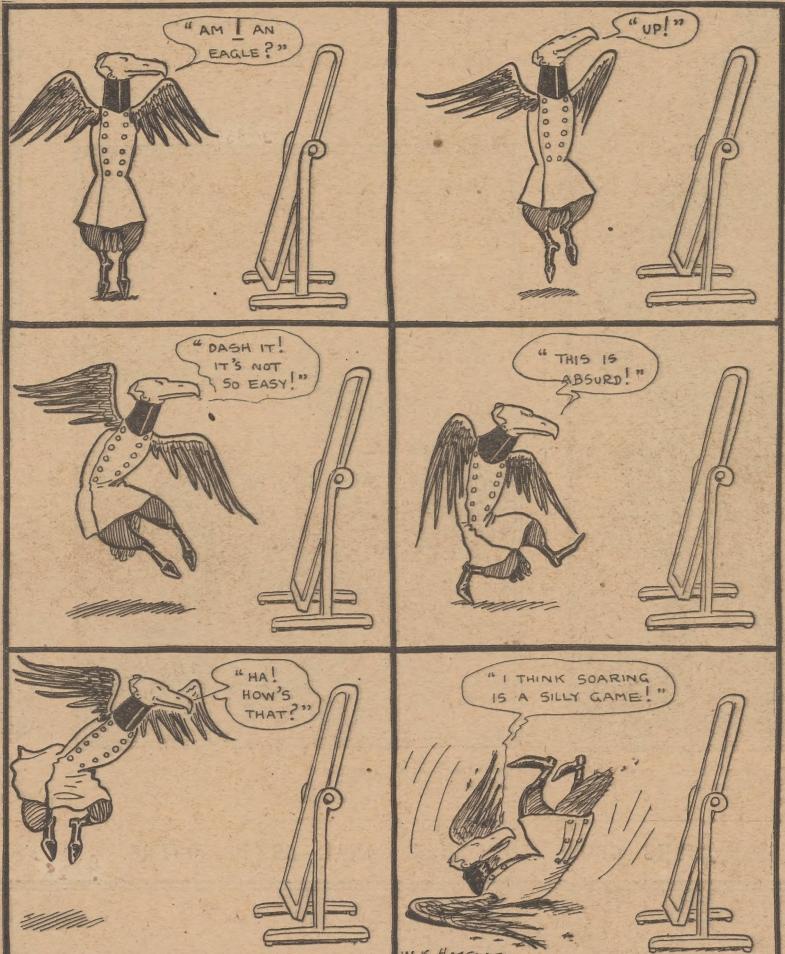
To be consistent, what then should be his punishment for Germany?

J. H. S.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In battle the ardour of youth appears to shame the cool indifference of the old soldier; but when the strife is between fortune's malice and man's fortitude, between human suffering and human endurance, the veteran becomes truly formidable, while the young soldier yields to despair.—Major-General Sir W. Napier.

LITTLE WILLIE'S FAILURE AS AN EAGLE.



The Crown Prince's attempts to soar aloft as a Teutonic eagle have been dismal failures. All he can do is to fall flat in various undignified postures that make him the laughing-stock of Europe.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

and if too aggressive or surly he is banned. Therefore he makes some kind of effort at decency of behaviour higher than his home standards, and says, "He's odd."

And his home? If clean as the proverbial new pin, it offers a corresponding starchiness and allows of little expansion for those "orrid, dirty men." If slatternly, who can wonder that the menfolk spend as few hours there as possible.

So the fact remains. Men congregate at public houses. But, let us once become possessed of men, they are simply adequate substitutes for the middle heading—intoxicants without the public scorn of so-called milk-sops and the drink habit will lessen.

I can't quite see the substitute cheap and easily to be got and readily sold, but it must be found.

A. M. MORLEY.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. G. FERGUSON, Inspector of Constabulary for Scotland, stated in his annual report that "little improvement can be looked for until drunkenness is generally held to be offensive and disgusting and the drunkard looked upon with disgust."

This is the crux of the matter. The Church looks on drunkenness as a "weakness," not as a sin; it considers drunkenness as infinitely

example) was without doubt babies' day. Nearly every woman saw a baby with her, and bundles of babies could be seen in all parts of London, and on the whole the Bank Holiday babies were bonny, healthy-looking specimens, so there was quality as well as quantity.

S. T.

ONE FACE REMEMBERED.

I cannot see the features right.

When on the gloom I strive to paint

The face I know, the lines are faint

And mix with hollow masks of night;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,

A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,

A hand that points, and paled shapes

In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,

And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;

Dark bolts that tumble half alive,

And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

Till all at once beyond the will

I hear a wizard music roll,

And thro' a lattice on the soul

Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

TENNYSON.

PRINCESS JULIANA.

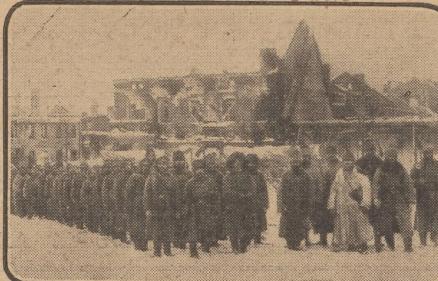
P 185.0



Princess Juliana, the only child of the Queen of Holland, going for a walk. She is the idol of the Dutch people.

RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

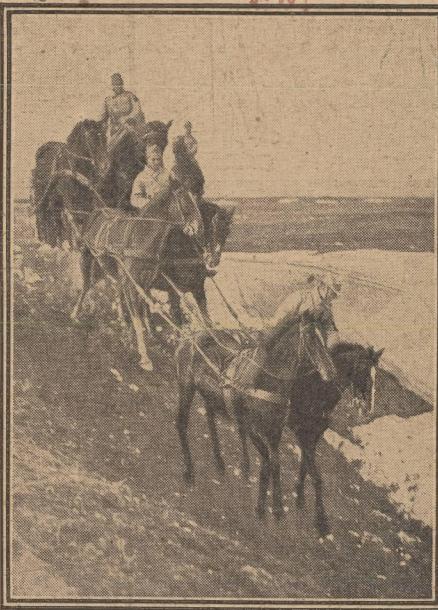
P 119.0 F



Russian soldiers who were captured during the second battle in the Mazurian lake district of East Prussia.

MAXIM GUNS FOR CAVALRY.

S. 959



Rumania's Red Hussars descending a difficult slope. It is believed to be the only army in the world provided with cavalry Maxim guns.

TURKS CROSS THE SUEZ CANAL—AS PRISONERS.

P 1128 D

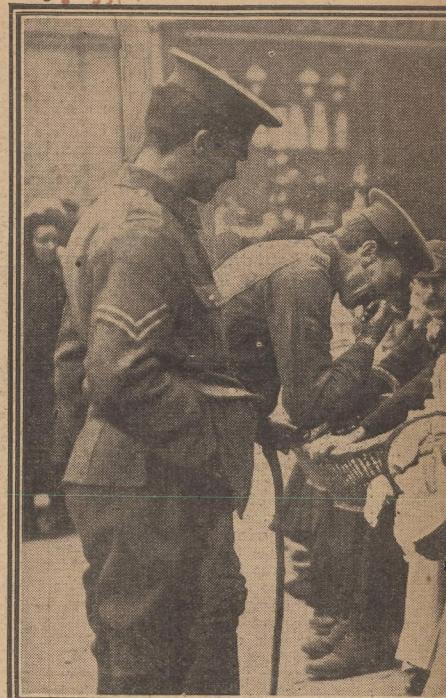


Turkish prisoners captured during the fighting at Suez awaiting removal to Ismailia. The enemy's attempt to cross the Canal proved a hopeless

failure. They used pontoons, many of which were sunk. The rest of the army was put to flight.

“TOMMY” BECOMES AN

P 331 F



Following the custom of the country, the British soldier tastes have found an excell

ENLISTED.

P 1164 A



The Earl of Crawford, who has become a private in the R.A.M.C.

THE “BEGGAR”

P 11914 V



He looked like a beggar, and his considerable sympathy. But on being a German spy, and

IRT BUTTER TASTER



the butter before making his purchase. The women n "Tommy."

TO SPY.

NEW JUDGE.



Mr. Robert Younger, K.C., the new High Court Judge.

EGYPTIAN IDYLL.

4. 11910 N



The camera man came along just in time to secure the picture. The scene is Egypt.

DOG SCOUTS FOR GERMANS.

4. 11910 N



German soldier wearing a white coat to render him less prominent against the snow. He is holding a dog which has been taught to scout.

THE HAVOC OF WAR.

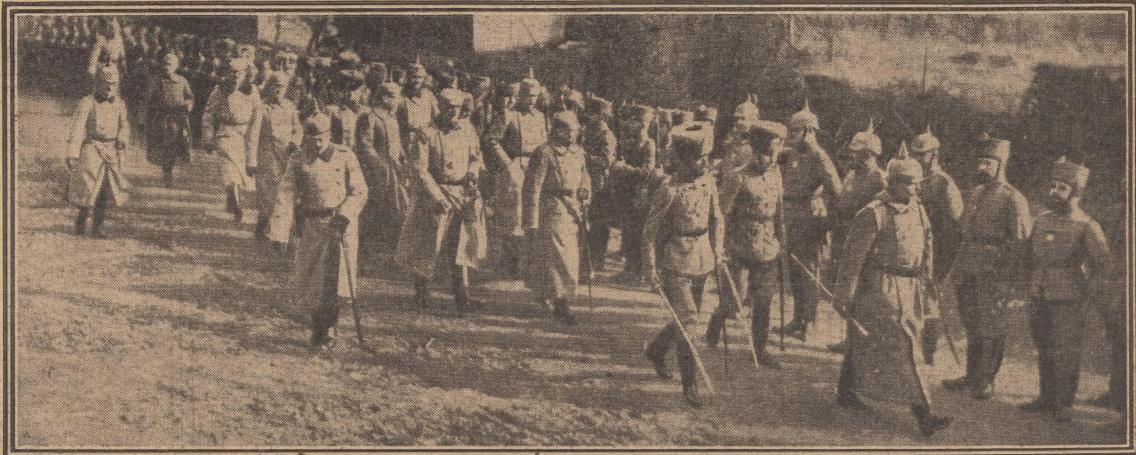
4. 11910 L



Albert, once a beautiful town, has been reduced to a mass of ruins by shell fire. The picture shows the basilica as it now appears.

REGIMENT'S CENTENARY : INSPECTED BY THE KAISER.

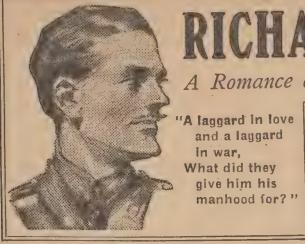
4. 423 T



pearance excited con-
med he proved to be a
tly shot.

The German Life Guards celebrated their centenary while at the front, and were inspected by the Kaiser, who is seen walking down the line. The

War Lord made his usual kind of speech, with plenty of Teutonic hot air about the righteousness of Germany's cause.



RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

"A laggard in love
and a laggard
in war,
What did they
give him his
manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

Courtenay shook his head.

"I don't know—it doesn't say; but it hardly seems likely that he can have got off without a scratch. I'm longing to hear the whole story, rather he got it than I did myself, I believe."

"You're a dear," said Sonia, impulsively.

She was half ashamed as soon as the words were spoken. There was something in Lady Merriam's eyes as she looked at her that made the girl blush furiously.

She sat back a little and relapsed into silence.

Presently Courtenay left them. There were other people. He had got to tell the ripping story, he said. He was like a delighted schoolboy. Sonia had never seen such genuine delight at another man's success.

"Won't they all be delighted down at Burval?" Lady Merriam said as they drove away again. "My dear, there ought to be a great homecoming, and flags and triumphal arches and fireworks and things, now oughtn't there?"

Sonia looked dismally.

"I wonder how you can there be?" she asked, tremulously. "There are other people to think of besides ourselves now, and you, see . . ."

She broke off helplessly; she had forgotten Montague and the fact that he was now the one in her life to put first; for the moment it seemed as if the old days were back again, and she and Richard were still engaged—that she still had a greater right than anyone to be proud of him.

"You're foolish of her, of course; foolish of her after what she had seen that night at Waterloo; foolish when she knew that Richard no longer cared for her approval.

"Mr. Jardine will be delighted, won't he?" she said, presently.

She was trying hard to be brave and not avoid the subject of Chatterton; it seemed so paltry, somehow, to try and push his horizon out of sight just to save her own feelings; she was genuinely glad for him, even though she could no longer participate in this wonderful thing.

Lady Merriam shrugged her shoulders; old Jardine was not in her good books just then.

"I really don't know if he will be pleased or not," she said. "I'm afraid he will be."

"As we drove down Regent-street the evening papers had just been issued; newsboys ran along screaming their headlines; an array of flaring posters were carefully arranged in the mudgy gutter, weighted with stones to keep them from blowing away.

Lady Merriam told the chauffeur to stop.

"Paiper, lidly!" one of the newsvendors had spouted the screaming ear, and was already at the door, thrusting a grim hand and a paper over the door.

Lady Merriam took it gingerly in her white-gloved hand and gave him sixpence.

"Terrible! simply terrible, the dirt on that boy's face," she said to Sonia. "Why doesn't someone form a committee or something to send round and see that that class of person washes at least once a day?"

Sonia laid the paper in Sonia's lap.

"See if there is any fresh news, my dear; I can't read a word without my glasses, and I'm dying to hear the whole story."

Sonia's hands shook a little as she unfolded the paper; she scanned the front page nervously.

"There's another neutral ship sunk in the Channel," she said. "And it's reported that a submarine has rammed a submarine. . . . Oh, I do hope it's true."

"Never mind the submarines for the moment," her ladyship answered impatiently. "Of course, they'll all be sunk in the long run; I've no fear about that at all; but just now it's about Richard I want to hear. . . . Look on the back page—they generally stick the bits about me in the front and what goes on in the trenches these days."

Sonia turned the paper obediently; she hoped it would be nothing; it was getting increasingly difficult to keep up this pose; to look and speak compositely.

"There are a few letters from men at the front," she said, after a moment. "‘And—oh . . . yes.’ ‘Someone has written something about it.’ ‘It’s a long paragraph and then read it yourself.’"

Lady Merriam glanced at the girl's face and a little wave of compunction seized her.

"Perhaps it would be better," she agreed with sudden meekness. "And I never could stand being read to."

"It's only a short notice; he's only mentioned amongst a heap of other chaps, but he's recommended for the V.C.—he's the only one of our chaps under terrible fire. Good old Dick!"

"They was wild excitement and emotion in the boy's voice; he cleas i forgot for the moment that Sonia had once been engaged to his hero; he

was completely carried away on the tide of his own excitement.

Lady Merriam laughed triumphantly.

"Won't some of his so-called friends be sick when they hear about it?" she said a trifle maliciously. "I always knew that they were all too ready and anxious to call him a slacker—I admit that I was bit down on him myself at one time, but I know now that was the right stuff in him all the same."

Sonia spoke for the first time.

"And he's all right himself—not hurt or—anything?" she asked. Her voice sounded constrained and breathless; her eyes shone like stars; there was such a wild, exultant gladness in her heart that she was half afraid.

Richard was a V.C.—Richard had won the highest honour for which a man is humanly possible to win. In spite of everything, her first confidence and pride in him had been justified. He was no laggard—no coward, but a man who had risked his life twice over and deliberately to save his comrades.

Courtenay shook his head.

"I don't know—it doesn't say; but it hardly seems likely that he can have got off without a scratch. I'm longing to hear the whole story, rather he got it than I did myself, I believe."

"You're a dear," said Sonia, impulsively.

She was half ashamed as soon as the words were spoken. There was something in Lady Merriam's eyes as she looked at her that made the girl blush furiously.

She sat back a little and relapsed into silence.

Presently Courtenay left them. There were other people. He had got to tell the ripping story, he said. He was like a delighted schoolboy. Sonia had never seen such genuine delight at another man's success.

"Won't they all be delighted down at Burval?" Lady Merriam said as they drove away again.

"My dear, there ought to be a great homecoming, and flags and triumphal arches and fireworks and things, now oughtn't there?"

Sonia looked dismally.

"I wonder how you can there be?" she asked, tremulously.

"No; it's hardly mentioned—just a few lines, but nothing fresh."

In her anxiety she overdid her indifference; a gleam of apprehension crossed the girl's face; she moved nearer to where the elder woman stood.

"Let me look; I should like to read it—to see it for myself."

"There's nothing—nothing at all; I'll read you what there is; some man in the same company has written home about it all; just a few scrappy lines; you know how disconnected these letters from the trenches always are . . . Sonia!"

For the girl had made a sudden, almost violent movement, and taken the paper from her ladyship's hands.

Lady Merriam began to cry.

"You are the most obstinate, self-willed girl I ever met. I try to spare you, and you won't let me . . . Don't read it, Sonia—don't believe a word it says. You know how these evening papers exaggerate things—they print anything just to make the public buy . . . I don't believe in a word of it myself."

There was a misgiving before Sonia's eyes; try as she would she could not focus a single word of what was printed there; she turned to Lady Merriam piteously.

"Oh, what is it? I can't see. Do tell me what has happened."

Lady Merriam put an arm round her; she spoke soothingly. "It doesn't say anything—just—just something about it if he had pulled through . . . It may not mean anything at all—it may be just a misplaced figure of speech . . . Oh, don't, don't look like that, my dear . . ."

The paper had fallen to the ground between them; Sonia had covered her face with her hands.

"You mean—you mean that he is . . . dead?" she asked in a stifled voice. "I needn't be afraid to tell me . . . is that it? Is Richard dead?"

Her voice was so calm and emotionless that Lady Merriam took courage; she groped after the fallen paper, and read the fatal lines aloud; she wiped her eyes from time to time as she read—and

"I couldn't believe it yet, Sonia," she said urgently at this conclusion. "I should refuse to believe it till we hear something on better authority . . ."

Sonia seemed not to hear her; she stood there, a pathetic enough figure, staring before her with dull eyes.

Richard was dead! All these months of struggle and misunderstanding had ended so simply and all. He was dead, and there was nothing else to be said.

Presently she moved and walked towards the door. Lady Merriam followed her.

"Oh, Sonia, what are you going to do?"

Sonia smiled.

"What am I going to do? What do you think I am going to do? I am only just going to my room . . . and I would be kind if you would leave me alone for a little while."

She went away along the door after her, and Lady Merriam promptly forgot her anxiety of the morning and rang up for old Jardine.

She wept as she told him on the phone what had happened.

"I refuse to believe it; I utterly refuse to believe it," she sobbed, dropping tears on the receiver. "Have you heard anything?"

"Can you find out anything definite for us? I'd go myself, only I don't know who to go to . . ."

She took the paper from Sonia, and kept it



WRIGLEY'S SPECIAL OFFER.

There's lots of little things the soldiers at the front and in the trenches want, and they look to you for them.

Wrigley's Spearmint chewing gum is always a first favourite. It's so satisfying, relieving thirst, hunger, fatigue and monotony.

Tommy loves it—it's such a splendid substitute for drink, food and bacon. It's very strong and stays in the mouth longer. It's 6d. for 40 bars, to your particular pal?

"I'll send you a warm letter of thanks. If you can't buy locally, send direct, and Wrigley's, Ltd., Lambeth Palace Rd., S.E.



Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum is good for you. It's a fine dentifrice, keeps the breath pure, aids digestion, and there's nothing better for allaying thirst and quenching appetite.

When you're dry it's as good as a drink—soothes your nerves better than a cup of tea or cigarette, and is daintily sweetmeat which answers a hundred purposes.

This Special "40 Bars in a Box" Offer is open to all. All chemists and confectioners stock Wrigley's Spearmint, but if you have difficulty send direct to Wrigley's, Ltd., Lambeth Palace Rd., S.E.

A SPLENDID GIFT FOR THE SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

SPEARMINT

Buy a Box
To-day and send it
on. If unable to procure
locally, send 16d. direct to

WRIGLEY'S, LTD., LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, S.E.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A Well-known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Grey Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home-made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her grey hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview made the following statement:—"Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and 1oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemists at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humours, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."—(Advt.)

MISERY AFTER INFLUENZA.

The debility and depression following an attack of Influenza mean more than a fainted disorder. This condition is a form of neurasthenia or nervous exhaustion that develops after Influenza and its seriousness is recognized by all medical writers.

One authority states: "Broadly speaking, every victim of Influenza will suffer from neurasthenia afterwards. Lowering of nervous strength, with increased irritability, is the striking effect of the disease, with languor of mind and body, disturbed sleep and vague pains in the head and elsewhere."

Every sufferer will recognise the symptoms. What is the remedy?

After the fever has passed, and rarely if ever fails, the diet should be more liberal, but be limited to articles easily digested. Rest and sufficient sleep are essential, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only medicine required in most cases. This treatment should be continued until the patient is completely restored to normal health and spirits.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific treatment, and rarely if ever fail.

Get a supply to-day from your dealer; only, make sure that you accept no common pink pills. They must be Dr. Williams'.

Send a postcard with your address asking for a FREE copy of the helpful book "The Blood and its Work." Address your card to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Advt.)

"IF HE HAD LIVED."

EVERY drop of colour drained slowly from Sonia's face; then came rushing back in a great wave of crimson. Lady Merriam gave an excited scream.

"Richard! Got the V.C.? Didn't I always say he would do something wonderful? Didn't I always know that he was made of the right stuff?"

She asked her questions rather doubtfully, as uncertain of the answer to either of them; she changed her seat to the one opposite so that she would be nearer to Courtenay; she shook his arm with impatient fingers.

"You're quite sure—quite sure? You're not making mistakes? Here—let me see it for myself." She tried to snatch the paper from his hands, but he drew back a little.

"It's only a short notice; he's only mentioned amongst a heap of other chaps, but he's recommended for the V.C.—he's the only one of our chaps under terrible fire. Good old Dick!"

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

(continued on page 13.)



Belgian Day.

We were all Belgians yesterday; at least, good wishes went out from all of us to gallant King Albert on his fortieth birthday, and to his loyal Consort, Queen Elizabeth.

Queen M.D.

She is a wonderful woman, this plucky Queen. "The most versatile of all royal princesses" was an apt description I once read of her before her husband came to the throne, and now surely she must be the most versatile of queens. Among other claims to distinction, she possesses the degree of Doctor of Medicine. She qualified for this degree at Leipzig just before her marriage.

Worked in the Wards.

When she first came to Brussels she was a tireless visitor to the hospitals, and one of her first actions in Belgium was to found the "Albert-Elizabeth Dispensary" for poor consumptives. And the patients at this dispensary were frequently tended by the royal doctor herself.

A Practical Motorist.

Queen Elizabeth is an author; she has written and published books on a variety of subjects. She is very fond of household pets, and one of her books contains a series of animal anecdotes founded on her own experiences. She is a keen motorist, and she and King Albert have often mended a punctured motor tyre on the road when they have been driving alone in the country near Brussels.

Queen Elizabeth Won.

In Belgium one was always hearing fresh anecdotes about the Queen. One I was told—this was in Holland, though—was how Queen Elizabeth and Queen Wilhelmina of Holland once had a twenty-mile motor race. Prince Albert and the Prince Consort of Holland accompanying the royal drivers in their respective cars. A start was made from Middleburg, and, after an exciting race, Queen Elizabeth "passed the post" the winner by nearly a quarter of a mile.

Celebrities in Court.

As do all big criminal trials, the "Dead Brides" case at Bow-street is attracting a number of well-known people at each hearing. Yesterday I spent an hour in court and I noticed among those present Lord Ribblesdale and his daughter, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. H. B. Irving and Sir Robert Peel.

Mr. H. B. Irving.

Mr. H. B. Irving is, as you probably know, a keen criminologist. He sat at counsel's table next but one to Mr. Bodkin. He had a number of papers in front of him, to which he occasionally referred, as if he were engaged in the case, too. Mr. Irving has written several books on the subject of crime.

"O. K." is Seventy-Five.

Mme. Olga Novikoff, the brilliant woman who is known throughout the world as Russia's "unofficial Ambassador," is about to celebrate her seventy-fifth birthday. She was once described to me as the woman who knows every monarch, corresponds with every diplomat, and encourages every writer. Mme. Novikoff has probably done more than anybody else to bring about the present friendship between Russia and ourselves. She always signs herself "O. K." when writing, the initials of her maiden name.

By Way of Thanks.

Her task has not always been easy, for there were many suspicious minds in both countries, but by her pen and her persuasive voice she finally succeeded in persuading Anglo-Russian statesmen. She has inspired almost every one of the brilliant band of English writers who have "discovered" Russia, and now, I understand, there is a movement on foot to recognise her work. In all probability it will take a form of great interest to literary men.



THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

His Seventh Anniversary.

Seven years ago yesterday Mr. Asquith achieved the highest ambition of British politicians. He became Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. He is still in supreme command of the ship of State, and as one who saw him a day or two ago, I can tell you that so far as health is concerned he is "going strong."

A Wonderful Constitution.

The Prime Minister has a wonderful constitution. Little nettles him for any considerable length of time. He sweeps away camping criticism as a mastiff shakes water from his coat.

Dismissed with a Shrug.

I have often heard the most galling and unwarranted attacks upon him in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith would merely give a little shrug of the shoulders and dismiss the whole thing from his mind. His self-control is wonderful.

The Best-Tempered Man.

It is the same in his home life, where he has scarcely ever been known to say an angry word. Mrs. Asquith has been heard to declare that he is "the best-tempered man in the world."

Keeping It Dark.

There seems to be all sorts of secrecy going on concerning the coming production at the New Theatre, "The Joker." Part of the cast has been issued, but "other characters" are to appear. The "other characters," I am told, are to be kept dark for the while, so that no hint of the nature of the Joker—or should it be the Joke?—may get out before the first performance.

Pretty Actresses.

But anyhow, from the cast, we know that there are to be several pretty actresses in it. The three Hildebrands, for instance—Agatha, Kitty and Mary—are to be played by the



Miss Doris Lytton.

Misses Doris Lytton, Madge Crichton and Marie George respectively. Still, we shall know all about it to-morrow week, which is the night chosen for production.

Mr. Bottomley and the Clyde Workers.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who is this week lecturing in Glasgow, is going to have a straight talk with the Clyde workers this afternoon in reference to the men's position and the present war. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill have wired expressing their gratification at the project. Mr. Bottomley remarks in a letter to me:—"Up to the present no one has spoken to the men in language they can understand, and they seem delighted at the idea of the meeting."

The Big Red Cross Sale.

There should be some great scenes at Christie's next week. Many people are looking upon the great Red Cross sale as a great fashionable entertainment, and several parties are going to take their lunches with them so that they can keep their front places.

No Ring to Break.

There certainly never has been such a fine collection of valuable articles put up for sale before, or such an extraordinary sale itself, for the professional buyer will not have a ring to back him or to break.

Wide Skirts—for Dogs.

Dogs, like their mistresses, are to adopt wider skirt fashions, I see. The spring modes for Fido are in the West End doggy windows, and the outdoor garments are cut on more flowing lines than last year. What a wise world, to be sure!

Lord Kitchener's Example.

Lord Kitchener's example in eschewing intoxicants for the duration of the war is being followed by many of the officers in his new Army, I hear. Yesterday several of them spoke to their men on parade of the example set by his Majesty and Lord Kitchener, urging that soldiers should follow suit. In one battalion a form of pledge has been prepared binding men to abstain until actually on active service, when they may allow themselves to take "such rations of rum or other liquor as may be issued."

The Milk and Soda Epoch.

I have been looking for signs of the coming of the milk and soda epoch in London, and I am finding them. It is not that men are giving up alcohol altogether, but they are moderating their demands, particularly the elder men, so my waiter told me.

Liqueurs Are Going.

Liqueurs seem the first to go. Men who would, as a sort of exception (which, I fear, happened most days), take a glass of brandy or a Benedictine after lunch, have cut that off to start with. And it is a good start, too.

Light Beer Wanted.

Then the light beer advocates grow in numbers daily. A really light beer would be a most welcome drink, particularly in the summer time. I heard some business men discussing a 3 per cent. alcohol league.

Mr. Austin Harrison's Views.

Apropos of the "Should we drink?" question, I have glanced through Mr. Austin Harrison's contribution to the next number of the *Sunday Pictorial*. It deals with the reform of the public-house, and Mr. Harrison has made some very good points in his article.

Up to Sample.

No. 5 of the *Sunday Pictorial* is up to sample as far as arrangements have gone already. I think you will like next Sunday's issue as much as ever. Mr. Max Pemberton's views on "Are war marriages wise?" will be of peculiar interest to women readers.



Bishop as Newsboy.

The Bishop of Kensington is telling a good story against himself just now. He was going to pay a visit to his brother, who recently moved to a flat near the river front at Hammersmith. The Bishop was not very sure of the flat, so, seeing a boy emerge from a newspaper shop, he stopped him and asked him where the mansions in the Mall were situated.

Take the Papers.

The lad gave him the most intelligent and explicit directions, and then, taking several papers from the bundle under his arm, he said affably: "As you are going there, perhaps you'll save me a journey and take the papers along with you. Ere you are—catch on." And he departed whistling, leaving the Bishop with the journals, which he duly delivered at the address required.

Esperantists and the War.

I was wondering the other day what had become of the Esperanto people, and straightway came across the latest example of Esperanto literature. It is a translation of "The Merchant of Venice" and bears the title, "La Venetia Komercisto." Before long, I am told, there is also to be a complete Esperanto version of the Book of Common Prayer. Meanwhile it appears that English enthusiasts have been helping at the front with Esperanto ambulance work.

Early-to-Bed Chancellor.

Mr. Lloyd George is evidently a believer in early hours during these days of stress. A friend of mine had to pay a business call at 11, Downing-street, at ten o'clock on Tuesday night. He was informed that the Chancellor had retired to bed some time previously.

THE RAMBLER.

Real Economy.

Every turn of the fashion brings the footwear into greater prominence, and relatively there is no part of the attire which shows neglect, or pays for attention, more. In one's dress schemes therefore the subject of shoes demands the first consideration. The essential economies of this year, and a tasteful footwear equipment, are both possible of realization. Let Manfield's assist you in the selection, and let their NAME also guarantee the worth of your purchase.



The illustration—a single example from a thousand varieties, shows how far money will go at Manfield's.

Manfield & Sons

228 & 229, PICCADILLY, London, W.
Branches throughout London & United Kingdom.

PERSONAL.

YOU don't want... Perhaps annoyed King St. FRIENDS Traced! Persuasion appealed! Secret Inquiries!—Rivers, Private Detective, 20, Regent-st., London.

Hair, permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ANTIQUES, Old China, headwear bags, silk pictures, old coloured prints, gold and silver valuables, old manuscripts, coins, cash, &c.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought—Messrs. Browning Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st., London, the Original Firm, with no addition, or price, or profit, any quantity, by return or made up; call or post: Est. 100 years. Call by Return for old Jewellery, artificial teeth (any kind), dentures, false teeth, and other articles, curios, Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st., London, W.C.

GENT'L'S. Ladies' Left-over Clothes; old false teeth; good prices.—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

RELIABLE Men wanted as Agents; liberal terms and excellent opportunities for improving position; would suit elderly man of active habits. Address for particulars, T 2945, "Daily Mirror," 25-26, Bourgeois-st., E.C.

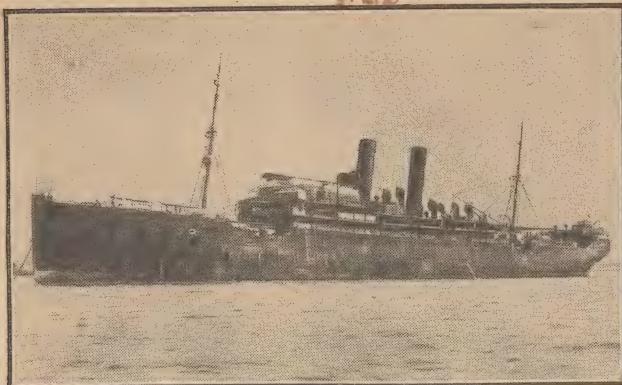
MARKETING BY POST.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per oz. per min. 2 lbs. GAMES! Games!! Games!!! Particulars, 2s. 6d.; 2 pheasants, 4s. 9d.; 3 hazel hen, 3s. 9d.; 2 wild duck, 3s. 9d.; 2 partridges, 3s. 9d.; hare and pheasant, 5s. 9d.; 12 pigeons, 3s. 9d.; 12 hares and 3 partridges, 5s. 9d.; hare and pheasant, 5s. 9d.; 12 pigeons, 3s. 9d.; 12 hares and 3 partridges, 5s. 9d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware-road, London, W.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

GENTLEMAN'S 1914 Model of Luxe Cycle, fitted with B.S.A. engine, 1½ h.p., 3 speeds, leather upholstery, all accessories; new last September; reason exorbitant; accept £24 15s.; approval willingly.—58, Cambridge-st., Hyde Park, London, W.C.

GERMAN RAIDER INTERNED IN AMERICAN PORT.



The German raider, Prince Eitel Friedrich, which has been interned at Newport News, U.S.A. They call her the "Eitel Frightened" now.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

Does one apply to the War Office in a case like this?"

"Don't apply to anyone; I'm coming round," said old Jardine, and rang off.

He came as fast as a taxi would bring him. He needed only one look at his face to tell Lady Merriam he was all right. She had suddenly with an overpowering sense of weakness.

She would never see Richard again, then, in spite of everything! His handsome, cheery personality was removed from her life for ever. Big tears coursed down her cheeks.

"I wish I'd been nicer to him now!" she sobbed forlornly. "I was often horrid to him—oh, yes, I was!"—as old Jardine tried to comfort her. "I told him he wasn't good enough for Sonia. I told him so at least a dozen times; but how was I to know that he'd turn out a hero some day? Oh, it is hard!"

"Does—does Sonia know?"

"She knows what was in the paper, of course. That young Courtenay came rushing up to us in the park this afternoon and told us about Richard being recommended for the V.C. He didn't know anything else—or, at least, he didn't tell me anything else—and we were both so delighted and proud, and I bought a paper; and then—then we saw this..."

She indicated the crumpled newspaper on the table.

Old Jardine smoothed it out and read the lines she pointed to. There was a long silence.

"Of course, it may be a mistake even now," he said heavily at last. "Mistakes of that kind do happen, you know. But he had no real hope."

Lady Merriam dried her eyes again.

"Well, it's a pretty ending to all my fine plans," she said, drearily. "I thought every thing was going so nicely, till this wretched war broke out. Sonia was perfectly happy, and Richard was a most wonderful man, to her way of thinking; and then the Kaiser must needs go and make a fool of himself, and now looks like he has landed us all!"

"I don't think we can exactly blame the Kaiser," old Jardine ventured, mildly. "It's Providence—just Providence."

Lady Merriam nearly said "fiddlesticks!" but changed her mind in time. She sat there drying her eyes and shedding more tears, and drying her eyes again.

Old Jardine was fumbling in a pocket. Presently he drew out a little packet and laid it gently down in Lady Merriam's lap. Chatterton gave it to me before he went away.... I promised

she should have it if—if anything like this happened.... Will—will you give it to her? Or shall I?"

Lady Merriam hesitated. She turned the little packet over tenderly.... The sight of Chatterton's writing on the outside brought the tears to her eyes again.

"Do you think it's wise?" she said at length. "What good can it do?"

"It will only break her heart over again."

Old Jardine began to look fierce.

"I promised," he said, shortly.

Lady Merriam rose to her feet. With the little packet in her hand she walked to the door and across the landing to Sonia's room.

She knocked softly, but there was no answer. She hesitated a moment, then turned the handle and entered.

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

**DON'T MISS
No. 5 of the
SUNDAY PICTORIAL
The Best Sunday
Picture Newspaper**

GERMANS' CHILD HOSTAGES.

That when they were carried off as hostages from Lille and Roubaix to Germany their children were taken away from them, was the statement made by mothers to a Paris engineer at Montauban Railway Station, says the *Matin*, according to Reuter.

The women, who numbered 1,000 to 1,200, had been repatriated via Switzerland. There was not a single child with them, these having been brutally separated from their mothers and kept in Germany.

BLOODLESS FIGHT WITH TURKS.

The following telegram was announced yesterday to have been officially issued at Cairo on April 8:

Yesterday morning about 10 a.m. a small body of Turkish cavalry were seen by our patrols some few miles north-east of Kantara. A few shots were exchanged, but the enemy retired. There were no casualties on either side.



Ven-Yusa combines pure oxygen with other novel, soothing, and refreshing elements. It thus has an unparalleled beautifying and rejuvenating effect on the skin. Ven-Yusa is

The Oxygen Face Cream

and is absolutely non-greasy. Applied to the face, neck, and hands before and after exposure to cold winds, rain, or frost, Ven-Yusa prevents all Soreness, Irritation, or Roughness.

Ven-Yusa clears the complexion and preserves the skin's youthful softness and flexibility.

1/- per jar, of Chemists, or C.E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

"BRITISH IS BEST!"

Say all the Best House-wives, who have proved it for themselves.

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

Guaranteed British-made from choicest Nuts and Milk.

Popularity
priced as

**1/- DOUBLE
WEIGHT,**

which means
6 FOR 1-LB.

**ONE QUALITY ONLY:
THE VERY BEST.**

The One Perfect
Substitute for Butter.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO.

LTD.

THE LARGEST RETAILERS.
849 BRANCHES NOW OPEN.

FREE CURE FOR ALL URIC ACID COMPLAINTS.

For All Readers Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbo, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Etc.

FAIRY LONDON PHYSICIAN'S SPLENDID GIFT TO THE PUBLIC.

A world-famous London scientist and physician is offering to the public as a special gift free supplies of the most successful of all prescription-preparations for the cure of their Uric Acid complaints.

All who suffer the ceaseless pain of Rheumatism, the agony of Sciatica or Lumbo, the scorching pangs of Gout, or the burning irritation of Neuralgia can have this famous cure in their hands immediately, free of charge.

Whatever remedies you have hitherto tried, this most successful of all—"Urillac"—may be accepted without hesitation. Simply write as instructed below and your free supply, together with instructive medical treatise and full directions, will be sent by return.

It is quite a special supply, you will receive from the very first payment of taking it you feel a wonderful relief. A grateful restfulness steals over your pain-racked nerves as steadily; and surely this unique specific combines with the blood and rids your system of its terrible burden of Uric Acid.

How terrible a burden it is the reader may judge from the following symptoms—only a few of which are mentioned:

Stiff, Painful Joints.

Aching Back.

Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands.

Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains.

Cutting Pains in the Legs.

Throbbing Convulsive Pains in the Temples.

Acute Acting Neuralgia.

Rheumatic Arthritis.

Pains of Cold Air, "Cutting" the Skin.

Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

Whenever of these symptoms you may experience from your Uric Acid trouble, you will find "Urillac" effect a lasting and complete cure without interfering with the digestion in the slightest. "Urillac" has only one object—to carry away from the system the Uric Acid that would otherwise form in the system as crystalline or chalky accumulations.

"There is no need even to write a letter for your free trial supply. Simply say "Please send me a free supply of Urillac," give your name and address, and enclose in an envelope with 2d. stamps for postage, etc. The envelope must be addressed "The Urillac Co., Dept. D.M., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1."

"Urillac" may be obtained at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. from all chemists, or post free from the above address.—(Advt.)

WAR AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Huns' Tax on Belgian Widowers.

Bachelors and widowers in Belgium are reported, says an Exchange Special message, to have been submitted by the Germans to a special tax of £1.

Three Killed by Austrian Ship.

An Austrian aeroplane, says Reuter, passed over Podgoritz (Montenegro) yesterday and dropped four bombs; three persons were killed and a few seriously injured.

Sleeping Recruits Escape.

When fire broke out early yesterday at the City Hall, Glasgow, where 200 recruits are billeted, the sleeping men were paraded and helped to extinguish the flames.

Sleeping Recruits Escape.

Students of French lycées and colleges have decided to hold no distribution of prizes this year and to give the money generally spent on the purchase of books and on the ceremony of prize-giving to the funds for the help of war victims.

SOLICITOR'S STORY IN DEAD BRIDES' CASE.

(Continued from page 5.)

They requested him to write to a Mr. Ponting, a solicitor, of Warminster, asking him to send a copy of the will of the late Mr. G. B. Mundy.

Witness said he handed the will to them on August 30, 1910.

Proceeding witness said: "I spoke to Mrs. Williams and advised her very strongly to do so, see Mr. Ponting, the solicitor to the estate. The husband objected or was averse to that.

Mr. Davies, in cross-examination, asked the witness if it was not in his experience the custom for the men to do most of the talking when a husband and wife saw him on business.

The witness replied that he had often found it the other way about.

"Had INFLUENCE OVER HER."

Arthur Eaton, a solicitor, of 4, York-buildings, Esplanade, Weymouth, stated on September 2, 1910, that a man and a woman called and gave him a will, including a copy of the will of Mr. G. B. Mundy, and a list of securities.

Witness added that he wrote to Mr. Ponting, and on September 13 he received from him a cheque for £135 2s. 1d. He saw Mr. and Mrs. Williams the same day.

Did you make any suggestion to Mrs. Williams in regard to that money?—Yes, they told me she had a sum of £100 in the bank, I strongly advised her, after paying everything, to take care of the money and put it in the savings bank.

Was the lady reticent?—She seemed rather silent and reticent and appeared to be inecious in everything, her husband and wife stated me at the time that he had some influence over her.

Mr. Davies: Were you thoroughly satisfied that the transaction was in order before the husband and wife understood that he was being done? Undoubtedly she understood, but since you ask me the question, I must say from Mr. Williams's mouth before the final interview, he was not satisfied.

"No, I was not," replied the witness.

Admitting that in the earlier interviews no question of that kind crossed his mind, witness was asked whether he had paid over the money at the final interview, he was not satisfied.

"No, I was not," replied the witness.

Mr. Wadsworth B. Millington, a partner in the firm of Baker and Co., solicitors, of Weston-super-Mare, was next called.

An extract from the letter he had written to Mr. Munden is read by Mr. Bodkin as follows:

I have been consulted by our clients, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, whom we are pleased to state have now adjusted the differences which had arisen between them, and who are now living together again as man and wife. They are desirous of having a divorce, and I would like to be acquainted with this fact, and in order to give some explanation with a view to removing any apprehension which may be in your mind in regard to a suit for divorce, I sent, some time ago, Mrs. Williams to her husband.

Mr. Bodkin here intimated that the next paragraph of the letter might be omitted. It described, he said, the circumstances under which Mr. Williams left his wife.

Public Rights at Carnarvon Castle.

The Carnarvon Town Council have decided to restore all public rights at the ancient castle, where the Investiture of the Prince of Wales took place.

Italy Seizes Austrian Ship.

The seizure of the Albanian coast of an Austrian steamer laden with arms and ammunition, apparently for the rebels, is announced in Rome, says Reuter.

Eight Trains of Killed and Wounded.

Eight long trains full of dead and wounded German soldiers and badly wounded horses were reported, says Reuter, to have passed recently in one day through Louvain.

"Ounce of Gold Worth Many Shells."

"One ounce of gold is worth many shells to the Allies," said Lord Buxton, quoted by Reuter yesterday, in a speech at Johannesburg, in which he said that under the strain of war and rebellion the gold industry had kept at full pitch.

Dont take Drugs for Indigestion

Take instead the safe and simple remedy Braggs Charcoal. Drugs quickly lose their effectiveness, and the dose must be increased. Drugs only relieve the symptoms. Braggs Charcoal removes the cause and prevents its recurrence.

There is no more palatable medicine than Braggs Charcoal. It is quite tasteless, and in the form of Braggs Charcoal Biscuits is totally unlike medicine.

BRAGGS
CHARCOAL
Natures Health Giver

can be taken freely by young and old alike, and may be relied upon to remove quickly all traces of

**Indigestion, Flatulence,
Acidity, Fullness,
Poor Complexions.**

Prescribed and used personally by Medical Men for over half a century.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Biscuits, 1/-, 2/-, 4/- per tin; Powder, 2/- and 4/- per bottle; Capsules, 2/- per box; Lozenges, 1/12 per box.

Send for Free Sample To-day.
A generous free sample will be sent to any reader mentioning "The Daily Mirror." Send 3d. to cover postage to

J. L. BRAGG, Ltd.,
14, Wigmore St., London, W.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

It was a busy day yesterday with racing at Warwick, Catterick Bridge and Lingfield, but the sport did not reach a high standard at any of the meetings.

Windleham was expected to atone for his failures at Lincoln and Lingfield Park by taking the Spring Plate at Warwick, but he was beaten by him in Dacato. Robinson continues to win with his two-year-olds; Principal Girl following up the success of Comedienne on the previous day by taking the Grove Park Handicap.

More important racing will be seen this afternoon at Newbury, where the King's colours may be carried by Jungle Cock in the Greenham Stakes. Selections are appended.

NEWBURY.
2.0—Juvenile Plate—PORTIA COLT
2.30—Compton Handicap—VEIXILLUM
3.0—Greenham Stakes—JUNGLE COCK OR SUNFIRE
3.45—Beckhampton Plate—ROBINSON'S SELECTED.
4.15—Berkshire Handicap—LUX.
4.45—Cheveley Handicap—ROI DE CEUR.

CATTERICK BRIDGE.

Richmond Plate—MERRY MABEL
Manor House—DUCHESS OF PORTUGAL
Bedale Handicap—MARCHEAL SAXE,
Brough Hall Welter—VILLEROY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

VEIXILLUM and LUX.
BOUVIERIE.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

WARRICK.

1.50—Town H'cap.—Liberator—DENIZULI 1; Wal. Griggs, 1; Earl King (2); 2; Pangbourne (5); 3. Also ran Amoreno, Fitzmaston, Ronaldo and Bostonian.

2.20—Leamington—W.Y. Plate—SILENTLY MEET, 1 (ent); Gullane, 1; Bonanza (1); Piaya (1); dead; heat, 2.

2.20—Layton H'cap.—2nd—Layton (10-1, F. Templeman), 1; Promoter (11-4), 2; Shell (10-7), 3. Also ran: Memorial, Lola, St. Bruno, Criado, Scottish Sert and Gallant.

3.20—Spring H'cap., 1—Dacato (8-1, Fox), 1; Windleshaw (2-1); Stonewall (100-8), 3. Also ran: Ara, Marco Romeo, Chiquita, Donald and Gallant Jack.

3.50—Great Park T.O. Plate—Principal Girl (5-4, C. G. H. Hennig), 1; Starbird (10-1), 3. Also ran: Belgian, Lynette and Molucca g.

4.20—Swan Meadow Plate—Im.—Ma Honey (4-1, Roden), 1; Vandal (2-1), 2; Great Button (10-1), 3. Also ran: Wandering, Wild and Princess Mabel.

CATTERICK BRIDGE.

1.30—Stand Handicap—ST DENIZULI (7-1), 1; Dan Rodriguez (6-1), 2; Flighty Miss (100-8), 3. 18 ran: Sand Grouse (10-1), 2; Coyocan (10-1), 3. 17 ran.

2.30—North Riding Handicap—THINK—1. Think (6-1, 10-1), 2; North Riding (10-1), 3. 16 ran.

3.0—Horley Castle Plate—Im.—Little Eye (3-1), 1; CYC (10-1), 2; Border Chief (6-1), 3. 14 ran.

3.30—Hawthorn H'cap.—Im.—Preston (6-1), 1; Brown Moor (4-1), 2; Ayesha (10-1), 3. 16 ran.

4.0—Craven Plate—Im.—Provided (1-6), 1; Money-musk (2-1); Freshoot, 3. 17 ran.

LINFORD.

Race—Price—Winner—Jockey.
Surrey H'dl. (11)—13-2 Ameroid Dainty
Ballykissane (8)—3-1 Ballykissane Trudgil
Lingfield Ch'dl. (6)—3-1 Gullane Mr. A. Gentlemen's H'dl. (5)—4-5 Kinsella Mr. Brabazon
Bedale Ch'dl. (2)—over Bridge IV Mr. Chilton
Heven H'dl. (8)—5-1 over Mr. Curry
The figures in parentheses indicate number of starters.

Mr. A. F. Bassett's colt, Roseland, was struck out of the Two Thousand Guineas yesterday.

Cockle's
ANTIBILIOUS
Pills
FOR
BILIOUSNESS,
INDIGESTION,
HEADACHE,
DEPRESSION.

Of Chemists throughout the world, 1/12 & 2/6.
JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4 Great Ormond Street, London.

Make
your
Spring
Cleaning
a success
by using
RONUK
—the Sanitary Polish
for the Home.

Sold Everywhere. In tins, 3d., 6d., 1s. & 2s.

MAMMA, DADDY AND CHILDREN ALL LOVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Harmless "Fruit Laxative" Cleanses the Stomach, Liver and Bowels Without Any Gripping.

A delicious cure for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, disordered stomach, indigestion, coated tongue, sallowness—take "California Syrup of Figs." For the cause of all this distress lies in a torpid liver and sluggish bowels.

A tablespoonful to-night means all constipation, poison, waste matter, fermenting food and bile gently moved out of your system by morning without gripping. Please don't think

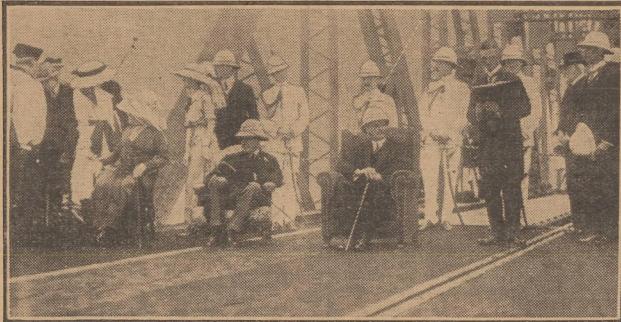


DRI-PED
THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES.

Send postcard for list of local dealers selling "Dri-Ped" and get free booklet, "How to Protect Boot & Shoe Wear." Send 1s. 6d. to Sonn Ltd., County Buildings, Carrington Street, Manchester.

NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE GANGES.

P. 10395



Mr. R. R. Gales, the chief engineer, reading his address at the opening of the new Hardinge Bridge, which spans the River Ganges at Sara. Next to him (seated in an armchair) is the Viceroy.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

Does one apply to the War Office in a case like this?"

"Doesn't apply to anyone; I'm coming round," said old Jardine, and rang off.

He came as fast as a taxi would bring him. It needed only one look at his face to tell Lady Merriam the truth. She sat down suddenly with an overpowering sense of weakness.

She would never see Richard again, then, in spite of everything! His handsome, cheery personality had reawakened from her life for ever. Big tears coursed down her cheeks.

"I wish I'd been near to him now!" she sobbed forlornly. "I was often hardy to him—oh, yes, I was!"—as old Jardine tried to comfort her. "I told him he wasn't good enough for Sonia. I told him that—at least a dozen times; but how was I to know that he'd turn out a hero some day? Oh, it's hard!"

"She knows what was in the paper, of course. The young Courtenay came rushing up to us in the park this afternoon and told us about Richard being recommended for the V.C. He didn't know anything else—or, at least, he didn't tell us anything else—and we were both so delighted and proud, and I bought a paper; and then—then we saw this..."

She indicated the crumpled newspaper on the table.

Old Jardine smoothed it out and read the lines she pointed to. There was a long silence.

"Of course, it may be a mistake even now," he said heavily at last. "Mistakes of that kind do happen, you know?"

Lady Merriam dried her eyes.

"Well, it's a pretty ending to all my fine play," she said, smiling. "I thought everything was going so nicely, till this wretched war broke out. Sonia was perfectly happy, and Richard was a most wonderful man, to her way of thinking; and then the Kaiser must needs go and make a fool of himself, and now look where he has landed us all!"

"I don't think we can exactly blame the Kaiser," Jardine ventured, mildly. "It's Providence—just Providence."

Lady Merriam nearly said "fiddlesticks!" but changed her mind in time. The expression seemed unsuitable, somehow. She sat there drying her eyes and shedding more tears, and drying her eyes again.

Old Jardine was fumbling in a pocket. Presently he drew out a little packet and laid it gently down in Lady Merriam's lap.

"I'll see Sonia—poor child! Chatterton gave it to me before he went away... I promised he should have it—if—it anything like this happened... Will—will you give it to her? Or shall I?"

Lady Merriam hesitated. She turned the little chief.

packet over tenderly.... The sight of Chatterton's writing on the outside brought the tears to her eyes again.

"Do you think it's wise?" she said at length. "What good can it do?... It will only break her heart all over again."

Old Jardine began to look fierce.

"I promised," he said, shortly. Lady Merriam rose to her feet. With the little packet in her hand she walked to the door and across the landing to Sonia's room.

She knocked softly, but there was no answer. She hesitated a moment, then turned the handle and entered.

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

DON'T MISS
No. 5 of the
SUNDAY PICTORIAL
The Best Sunday
Picture Newspaper

COST OF TAKING NEUVE CHAPELLE.

Following upon the list of casualties published yesterday naming non-commissioned officers and men of the Expeditionary Force at the taking of Neuve Chapelle, another list was issued last night.

It contains the names of 1,026 of the rank and file, and is apparently a continuation of the Neuve Chapelle list in which appear 1,840 names, the total being thus brought up to 2,866. The number of killed in the new list is 236, thirty-six are reported as having died of wounds and four as having died, while 724 are mentioned as wounded.

Of the killed in the new list sixty-eight are from the Sherwood Foresters, who have also 120 wounded. The Wiltshires have 147 wounded and the Rifle Brigade 121.

MR. ASQUITH'S 7 YEARS OF OFFICE.

Many messages of congratulation were received by Mr. Asquith yesterday. It was seven years ago that Mr. Asquith journeyed to Biarritz in response to King Edward's command to kiss hands upon his appointment as Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister, the day quietly at Old Bond-street, and in the evening, was entertained to dinner by a number of his personal friends. There was no Cabinet meeting yesterday, but several Ministers called upon their chief.

"BRITISH IS BEST!"

Say all the Best House-wives, who have proved it for themselves.

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

Guaranteed British-made from choicest Nuts and Milk.

Popularly priced as **1/- DOUBLE WEIGHT,**
which means **6 D.** FOR 1-LB.

**ONE QUALITY ONLY:
THE VERY BEST.**

The One Perfect
Substitute for Butter.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO.

LTD.

THE LARGEST RETAILERS.

849 BRANCHES NOW OPEN.

VEN-YUSA
Crème de Luxe

Ven-Yusa combines pure oxygen with other novel, soothing, and refreshing elements. It thus has an unparalleled beautifying and rejuvenating effect on the skin. Ven-Yusa is

The Oxygen Face Cream

and is absolutely *non-greasy*. Applied to the face, neck, and hands before and after exposure to cold winds, rain, or frost,

Ven-Yusa prevents all Soreness, Irritation, or Roughness.

Ven-Yusa clears the complexion and preserves the

skin's youthful softness and flexibility.

1/- per jar, of Chemists, or C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

FREE CURE FOR ALL URIC ACID COMPLAINTS.

For All Readers Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbargia, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Etc.

FAMOUS LONDON PHYSICIAN'S SPLENDID GIFT TO THE PUBLIC.

A world-famous London scientist and physician is offering to the public as a special gift free supplies of the most successful of all prescription-preparations for the cure of their Uric Acid complaints.

Will relieve the ceaseless pain of Rheumatism, the agony of Sciatica or Lumbargia, the scorching pangs of Gout, or the maddening irritation of Neuralgia can have this famous cure in their hands immediately, free of charge.

Whatever remedies you have hitherto tried this most successful of all "Urillac" may be accepted without hesitation. Supply will be instructed below and your free supply, together with instructions for medical treatment and full directions, will be sent by return.

It is quite a liberal supply you will receive. From the very first moment of taking it you feel a wonderful relief. A grateful restfulness steals over your pain-racked nerves as steadily and surely than unique specific combination of blood and oil in your system of its terrible burden of Uric Acid.

How terrible a burden it is the reader may judge from the following symptoms—only a few of the most common:

Stiff, Painful Joints.

Aching Back.

Swelling, Burning Feet and Hands.

Dull, Grawling Joint Pains.

Cutting Pains in the Legs.

Throbbing Convulsive Pains in the Temples.

Acute Aching Round the Eyes.

Rheumatoid Arthritis.

Draughts of Cold Air "Cutting" the Skin.

Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

Whenever of these symptoms you may experience from your Uric Acid trouble, you will find "Urillac" the best and most complete cure without interfering with the digestion in the slightest. "Urillac" has only one object—to carry away from the system the Uric Acid that would otherwise form in the system as crystallised or chalky accumulations.

There is no need even to write a letter for your free trial supply. Simply say "Please send me a free supply of Urillac," give your name and address and enclose in an envelope with 2d. stamps for postage. The envelope must be addressed to The Urillac Co., Dept. D.M., 164, Piccadilly, London, W. 1. "Urillac" may be obtained at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. from all chemists, or post free from the above address.—(Advt.)



If his boots are 'Dri-ped' Soled he can romp to his heart's content.

Real boys' play—rough and tumble, scraping, climbing, kicking, running—won't wear 'Dri-ped' out half as quickly as ordinary leather—"Driped" cuts Boot Bills in half.

Double-wearing, quite waterproof, flexible, light, non-slipping—"Dri-ped" is sold on re-soled or new footwear by Dealers everywhere.

Sold postcard for list
of local dealers
"Dri-ped"—get free
booklet "How to Fit
Boot Liners." William
Walker & Sons, Ltd.,
County Buildings, Can-
non Street, Manchester.



True "Dri-ped"
has this mark
on every pair
of soles. Without it the
leather's a
substitute.

DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES.

WAR AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Huns' Tax on Belgian Widowers.

Bachelors and widowers in Belgium are reported, says an Exchange Special message, to have been submitted by the Germans to a special tax of £1.

Three Killed by Austrian Airman.

An Austrian aeroplane, says Reuter, passed over Podgoritz (Montenegro) yesterday and dropped four bombs; three persons were killed and a few seriously injured.

Sleeping Recruits Escape.

When fire broke out early yesterday at the City Hall, Glasgow, where 200 recruits are billeted, the sleeping men were paraded and helped to extinguish the flames.

Giving Up Prizes for War Victims.

Students of French lycées and colleges have decided to hold no distribution of prizes this year and to give the money generally spent on the purchase of books and on the ceremony of prize-giving to the funds for the help of war victims.

DRAMA OF A CRY.

A double love tragedy occurred yesterday in North London. A young woman named Dora Carr was found dead, while her lover was found suffering from wounds in the throat.

Miss Carr was a dressmaker, aged twenty-three. She is described as a nice, quiet girl, and she and her sister lived with an aunt and grandfather at Arundel-place, Barnsbury.

For the past three years, it is stated, she had been keeping company with Edgar Woodthorpe, who is aged twenty-eight years.

Shortly after 8 o'clock yesterday she was preparing to leave home for work, and had her hat and jacket on when a knock was heard at the door.

She immediately opened it and found Woodthorpe on the doorstep. He stepped into the pas-

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS FOR A WAR PHOTOGRAPH.

Two hundred pounds was paid by "The Daily Mirror" for the wonderful photograph of the sinking of the Falaba.

The photograph was taken

by an amateur.

£1,000, £250 and £100 will be paid for the first, second and third most interesting war photographs from amateurs received and published between now and July 31.

An additional sum of £3,650 has been set aside to be paid out week by week for the best war photographs received from amateurs.

Films developed free. Names not disclosed. Editor's decision is final. Copy-right is vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

soo, and soon afterwards a cry was heard, and Dora was found lying in the passage with her throat cut.

Woodthorpe was also found with wounds in his throat.

Assistance was immediately called, and a doctor found that Miss Carr was dead.

Woodthorpe was taken to hospital, and, although in a serious condition, will probably recover.

ACTRESSES AS MANNEQUINS.

A novel auction was held by a well-known firm of West End modistes at the Savoy Hotel yesterday, when new spring gowns were sold under the hammer, the proceeds being destined for relief work in Belgium.

Dainty gowns, which were displayed by well-known actresses, were offered to a large crowd of society women.

The auctioneers were Mr. Joseph Coyne and Mr. Robert Hale, and the bidding started usually at ten guineas and advanced to different prices over twenty guineas!

A fairy-like black gown, worn by Miss Ethel Levey, was sold for twenty-six guineas.

The King Reviews 20,000 Troops.

The King reviewed some 20,000 troops at Windsor Great Park yesterday, the march past occupying over an hour.

Getting Ill on War Bread.

Berlin doctors, says the Central News, are being notified of an enormous increase in cases of stomach maladies as the result of the use of war bread.

Police Inspector's Son Sent to Gaol.

Said to be the son of a police-inspector, now dead, a man giving the name of William Edwards was sentenced at London Sessions yesterday to fifteen months' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences.

Ask for Patriotic Posters.

The Publicity Department, Central London Recruiting Depot, Whitehall, S.W., announce that a special poster advertising the greater recruiting which opens on Sunday, April 13, will be sent post free, together with the new set of recruiting posters, to all applicants in the London area.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

It was a busy day yesterday with racing at Warwick, Catterick Bridge and Lingfield, but the sport did not reach a high standard at any of the meetings.

Malinslham was expected to stand for his failures at Lingfield and Lingfield Park by taking the Spring Handicap at Warwick, but he met one too good for him in Dacato. Robinson continues to win with his two-year-olds. Principal Girl following up the success of Conqueror on the previous day by taking the Grove Park Plate.

Much more important racing will be seen this afternoon at Newbury, but the King's colours will not be carried in the Greenham Stakes. Selections are appended:

2.00—Juvenile Plate—PORTIA COLT.
2.30—Compton Handicap—VEXILLUM.
3.10—Greenham Stakes—SUNFIRE.
3.45—Beckhampton Plate—ROBINSON'S
4.15—Berkshire Handicap—IUX.
4.45—Cheveley Handicap—ROU DE COEUR.

CATTERICK BRIDGE.

1.30—Manor House Plate—BUONOGLI.
2.0—Bedale Handicap—MARCHIONE SAXE.
3.0—Brougham Plate—TILERON.
3.30—Richmond Plate—MERRY MABEL.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

VEXILLUM and IUX.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

WARRICK.

1.30—Town Hatch—GLENORIAN.
1.30—Erl King (4-1) 2. Pangbourne (5-1), 3. Also ran;
Amoreuse, Pitmaston, Ronaldo and Bostonian.
2.20—Leamington (IV-V) Plate, 51—Mossy Moss (4-1), Grafton (4-1), Glendale (4-1), Plyata (dead-head, 2).

2.50—Avon Hatch—Larage (10-1, F. Templeton).
1.30—Preston (11-4), 2. Shell (100-7), 3. Also ran;
Memorial, Lola, St. Bruno, Criado, Scottish Serf and Sunbeam.

3.20—Spring Hatch—Dacato (8-1, Fox), 1. Windlesham (2-1), 2. Stonewall (100-8), 3. Also ran; Ara, Ardath, Marco Romeo, Chiquita, Dandal and Gallant.
--

3.50—Grove Park T-Y-O Plate, 51—Principal Girl (5-4, Clark), 1. Helene (6-4), 2. Fine Bird (10-1), 3. Also ran; Bedlam, Chiquita, Dandal and Gallant.

4.20—Swan Meadow Plate, 1m—Ma Honey (4-1, Roden), 1; Valona (evens), 2; Green Button (10-1), 3. Also ran; Wanstead, Glendale, Mabel.
--

CATTERICK BRIDGE.

1.30—Sand Handicap—Eliz (7-1), 1; Dan Rodney (6-1), 2; Flights Miss (100-8), 3. Also ran;
2.2—Catterick Handicap, 1m—Harbo (7-1), 1; Sand Girl (6-1), 2; Corcoran (10-1), 3. Also ran;

2.30—North Riding Plate, 71—Think of Me (10-1), 1; Poley (10-1), 2; Caledonia (7-1), 3. Also ran;
2.30—Zetland T-Y-O Plate, 51—Cliques (6-4), 1; Chop Yat (10-1), 2; Border Chief (6-1), 3. Also ran; Zetland (10-1), 4; Cliques (6-4), 1; Brown Mare (4-1), 2; Glendale (10-1), 3. Also ran;

4.0—Craven Plate, 1m—Provident (1-6), 1; Money-musk, 2; Freshoot, 3. 3 ran.

LINGFIELD.

Race Price.
Surrey Hatch, (11) 12-1
Novices' Chase (6) 3-1
2-2—Catterick Handicap, 1m—Amerid 12-1
George B. Avila 2-1
Grand National (6) 12-1
Mr. B. C. Allison 12-1
United Chase (2) 4-5
evena Bridge IV, 5-1
Mr. C. Charlton 12-1
Hove Hd. (8) 5-1
Peregrine 12-1
Curry (The figures in parentheses indicate number of starters.)

Mr. A. F. Bassett's colt, Roseland, was struck out of the Two Thousand Guineas yesterday.

*Dont take Drugs
for Indigestion*

Take instead the safe and simple remedy Braggs Charcoal. Drugs quickly lose their effectiveness, and the dose must be continuously increased. Drugs only relieve the symptoms. Braggs Charcoal removes the cause and prevents its recurrence.

There is no more palatable medicine than Braggs Charcoal. It is quite tasteless, and in the form of Braggs Charcoal Biscuits is totally unlike medicine.

**BRAGGS
CHARCOAL**
NATURES HEALTH GIVER

can be taken freely by young and old alike, and may be relied upon to remove quickly all traces of

Indigestion, Flatulence,
Acidity, Fullness,
Poor Complexions.

Prescribed and used personally by Medical Men for over half a century.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Biscuits, 1/-, 2/- and 4/- per tin; Powder, 2/-; and 4/- per bottle; Capsules, 2/- per box; Lozenges, 1/4 per box.

Send for Free Sample To-day.

A generous free sample will be sent to any reader sending "The Daily Mirror." Send 3d. to cover postage to

J. L. BRAGG, Ltd.,
14, Wigmore St., London, W.

**Cockle's
ANTIBILIOUS
Pills**
FOR
BILIOUSNESS,
INDIGESTION,
HEADACHE,
DEPRESSION.
*O/ Chemists throughout
the world, 1/- & 2/-.*
JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London.

Make
your
Spring
Cleaning
a success
by using
RONUK

—the Sanitary Polish
for the Home.

Sold Everywhere. In tins, 3d., 6d., 1s. & 2s.

MAMMA, DADDY AND CHILDREN ALL LOVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Harmless "Fruit Laxative" Cleanses the Stomach, Liver and Bowels Without Any Gripping.

A delicious cure for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, disordered stomach, indigestion, coated tongue, sallowness—take "California Syrup of Figs." For the cause of all this distress lies in a torpid liver and sluggish bowels.

A tablespoonful to-night means all constipation, poison, waste matter, fermenting food and bile gently moved out of your system by morning without gripping. Please don't think

of "California Syrup of Figs" as a physic. Don't think you are drugging yourself or your children. This delicious fruit laxative cannot cause injury. Even a delicate child can take it as safely as a robust man. It is the most harmless, effective stomach, liver and bowel regulator and tonic ever devised.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs" which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d.

THE MAN WHO WON

GREAT NEW SERIAL

BY

GEORGE EDGAR

(THE FAMOUS NOVELIST WITH THE MAGIC PEN).

Commences on **APRIL 11** in the

NEWS OF THE WORLD

The Paper which contains—

The Best War News and Photographs.

Words and Music of Latest Popular Song.

All Puzzle and Competition Solutions.

List of Missing Heirs, Relatives and Next of Kin.

Legal and Medical Answers.

Advice on Allowances to Soldiers' and Sailors' Families.

Best Law and Police Intelligence.

Finest Budget of General News.

ORDER AT ONCE.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

A Wonderful Pennyworth.

PLEASE HAND THE FOLLOWING ORDER FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT:

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

**SUNDAY
PICTORIAL**

Please deliver the "Sunday Pictorial" every week until further notice to—

Name
Address**ARTIST AND AUTHOR.**

P. 13494



Mr. Francis Hopkinson Smith, the well-known artist and author, who has died. He is seen sketching in a taxicab.

SIX HATS IN ONE.

P. 13495



This smart little hat is made of silk in two colours so that it can be easily reversed. It can also be pulled into any shape the wearer desires, and is, in fact, half a dozen hats in one. It is a Sorbier creation.

ACTRESS MANNEQUIN.

P. 61200



Miss Hilda Moore at the fashion tea and concert which was held at the Savoy Hotel yesterday to celebrate King Albert's birthday. London's prettiest actresses acted as mannequins.—*Daily Mirror* photograph.

WOMEN'S FIELD DAY.

P. 13496



Bandaging a hand. The picture was taken during the Women's Auxiliary Force field day at Westcliff.

WEDDING IN THE TEMPLE.

P. 13497



Captain Wilson Gutch and his bride (Miss Christine Bramwell Bremer), who were married in the old Temple Church yesterday. The bridegroom is a barrister-at-law.—*Daily Mirror* photograph.

CIVILIAN HEROES.

P. 17196



Major Parsons presents cheques and certificates to Police-Sergeant Cecil Smithers and Mr. Gato for rescuing a drowning man.

TWO BRIDES TO BE.

P. 17197

P. 14195



Miss Molly Coghill, who is to marry Mr. Robert Wemyss Muir Arbuthnott, Royal Field Artillery.

Miss A. C. Tempest, who is to be married on Wednesday to Mr. John C. Symonds, Army Service Corps.

PAGE GIRL AT HOTEL.

P. 13498



London's first page girl is employed at a hotel in South Kensington. Boys are difficult to get now.